

1855

There is Music in the Voice We Love

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There is Music
in the
Voice we Love.

Music and Words

BY

ELMAR RUAN COATES ESQ.

25 Nott.

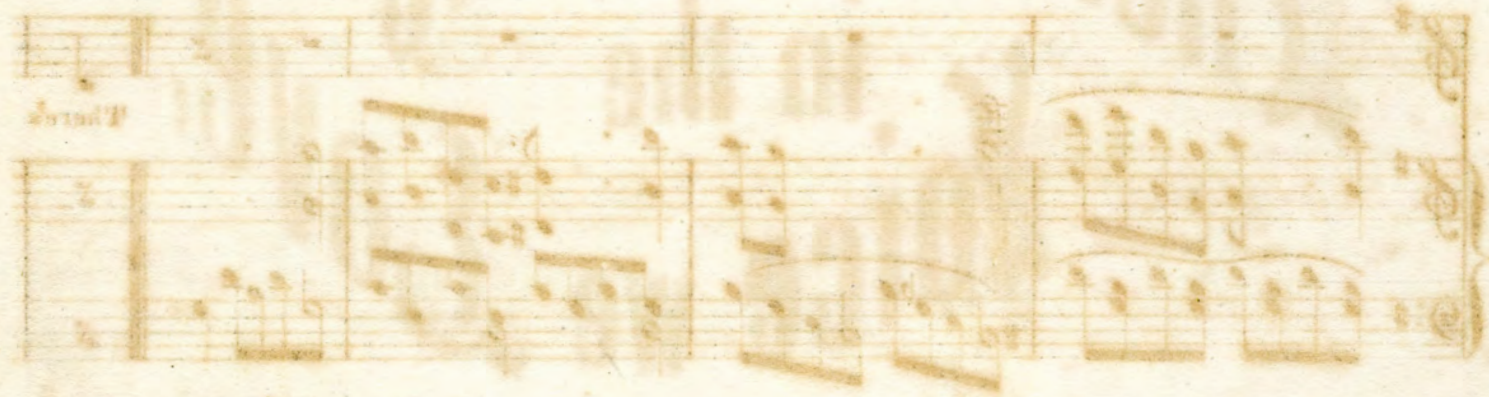
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"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE VOICE WE LOVE"



"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE VOICE WE LOVE."

PIANO.

There's

mu - sic in the plaintive lute When steal - ing o'er a moonlit sea, There's

mu - sic in the mellow flute, When filled with mournful me - lo - dy: But

there are notes far sweeter still, More ten - der than the cooing dove, Re -

3d. Verse. Should
- splen - dent joys our bosoms fill, When list'ning to the voice we love. Should

fate wash our pil - - - lows With tears of grief;
sor - - row and sad - - - ness fill with dis - may,

When life's heaving bil - - - lows Waft no re - lief. 'Tis
When woe's thrilling mad - - - ness wears us a - - - way. 'Tis

p *colla voce.*

then we woo those silver sounds, Har - mo - nious with the spheres a -
 then we woo those witching sounds, Har - mo - nious with the spheres a -
 - bove, 'Tis then ah! then the truth is found That mu - sic fills the voice we
 - bove That 'neath the skies cannot be found, Save in the gentle voice we
 love.
 love.

2

The sailor hums some ocean air,
 The trav'ler hears the convent chime,
 The soldier mindful of his fair,
 Now vents his soul in lyric rhyme.
 But all select the tender strains—
 Companions for the moments lone,
 The notes that soothe their racking pains,
 When tuned by lips they love at home.

